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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

All communications of a literary nature should be accompanied by the name and address of the contributor—not necessarily for publication but as a guarantee of good faith—and should be addressed to the EDITOR. Those of a business character to be addressed—The MANAGER—CHURCH OF ENGLAND RECORD, 172, PITT-STREET, SYDNEY.

Will our correspondents please note that we cannot guarantee insertion, unless MSS. be to hand not later than the Tuesday previous to publication.

Accounts of Tea Meetings, Picnics, &c., should be as succinct as possible.

THE NEW DIOCESE.

We have heard for some time past of a Diocese which was about to be formed within this colony, through the munificence of Mr. John Campbell in providing the principal part of the endowment, and the last week has brought to us practical proof that it is a reality. The Bishop, the Right Reverend Dr. SYDNEY LINTON, has arrived to take possession of his See, and will in a few days proceed, after being welcomed publicly in Goulburn, to be installed thereinto. On Sunday last at the morning service such a welcome was accorded to him in St. Andrew's, when an appropriate sermon was preached by the Primate. In the afternoon, the newly arrived Bishop gave expression to his own feelings and purposes in coming. On Monday afternoon a public reception was further given to Dr. Linton, in the Church Society's House, and three addresses were presented to him, one from the Diocese of Sydney, a second from that of Goulburn, and a third from Bathurst.

The Bishop seemed to be much encouraged by these proceedings, and said that he should be much strengthened by the assurances then received of sympathy and prayer on his behalf.

As soon as the See is "full," there will be six Dioceses in New South Wales, and thirteen in Australia and Tasmania. Forty-nine years ago, Archdeacon Broughton was consecrated the first Bishop. He lived to see five Bishops formed out of his one; and he himself nobly offered to give up one-half of his stipend in order that two of these might be created; fore-seeing how much they were required, and at the same time how slender was the hope, without such a sacrifice on his part, that they would be provided. It was by the zealous efforts of

his successor, Bishop BARKER, that three others were added; and now they have grown to the extent we have before stated. The organization of the Church is so far complete. That which is now wanted is a large infusion of spiritual life, and an increase of holiness, righteousness, and truth. The external development must be regarded as a means to an end. Channels and machinery are not made for themselves, but as instruments for the accomplishment of certain designs, and while we rejoice in this addition to the Episcopate, it is because we hope that, by the grace of God, the means of salvation will be brought nearer to those who are scattered through the district, designated Riverina, and the Gospel which is the power of God unto salvation to those who believe it, brought home to them in their Churches and their habitations.

The work will be arduous, because of the very sparse population. But in the course of time this state of things may be changed. Towns and villages may and probably will grow up, though not as in other parts of Australia. The Bishop is however prepared to throw himself into the work heartily in the spirit of self-denial, which led him to accept the post. And we most heartily wish him and his 'God speed.'

PAROCHIAL MISSIONS.

We are now enabled to state that it has been decided to hold Missions, in the month of June, in several of the parishes in the City, we hope in the majority of them. There are no doubt some differences of opinion regarding such efforts, and some strong objections have been urged against them. But do not these apply more to the methods of a Mission than to the Mission itself? Most persons we think will admit that almost any amount of excitement in religion is preferable to the torpor of spiritual death, in which many are content to remain. Even the extravagances of the "Salvation Army" are better. But what we hope for is a combined and sober minded effort to awaken and arouse our people by the preaching of a full Gospel, in a plain, bold, earnest, and loving spirit: to awaken them from that deadness and formality which satisfies the carnal mind, and to arouse them to lay hold of salvation by a lively faith in Jesus Christ our Lord.

The experience of the past may suggest improvements in the mode of conducting the Missions. And we would hope that those who may be entrusted with the arrangements will well consider this. The object, it appears to us, should be first to convince of sin, then to lead the sinner to the Saviour, that coming to Him he may find pardon and peace. But we question whether it is judicious to ask those who may feel strongly the power of the word, to make such declarations as we have sometimes heard of as being required. Those

strong emotions are often nothing more than emotions, and fade away almost as suddenly as they were created. We would rather let the work be tested by time: but we would also have it cherished with the greatest care and watchfulness. And this is what we should regard as the Apostolic method.

There is undoubtedly great need of a revival and of more spiritual life amongst us; and this can only be effected by the outpouring of the Holy Spirit in answer to much continuous and earnest prayer.

THE CHURCH SOCIETY.

The annual meeting will not be held, we understand, until some time after Easter. We have endeavoured to ascertain to what extent the hoped-for increase in the Society's income during the past year has been realized; and so far as is at present known, we are glad to be able to state that, taking the whole year, there is an advance to the extent of about £2000. This, though far below the amount which should have been given, is a cause for thankfulness. But when will our people learn to give with that self-denying liberality which the Gospel enjoins?

What is needed in all the members of our Church is a deeper conviction, and a more wide-spread knowledge, of the facts with which the Society has to deal, and then a readiness to supply the means for providing for the necessities of the Church. They do not realize, and often they are in ignorance of the true circumstances, and hence they fail to rise to the occasion, imagining that £1 will do very well when £5 or £10 are required.

THE PRIMATE'S VISIT TO TASMANIA.

The visit of the Primate to Tasmania will have a beneficial effect. His presence would help to show the unity of the Church, and the completeness of the organization under the General Synod which has recognized his office. Wherever he goes, by the force of his own character he is almost sure to give an impetus to christian effort and it is but fair that those in Sydney who so often have been assisted by the presence of other Bishops should sometimes lend as well as receive. We cannot further forget that it is desirable that Bishop Barry should get away for a time from the relaxing Sydney heat in Summer. To one accustomed to the bracing climate of England the change to this is likely to be trying to the constitution. The value of his life to the Australian Church is very great, and by judiciously caring for health it may be preserved much longer than even some expect. We hail therefore with satisfaction the Primate's visit to Tasmania, and feel sure that the change of climate and work, for it has not been rest, will tend to much good.

CHURCH NEWS.

SYDNEY.

Bishops.

At a meeting of the committee of the Moore College Ex-Students Bursary held at the Diocesan Registry on the 23rd ult., the Ven. Archdeacon King in the chair, the sum of £25 was instructed to be paid on account of the Bursary for the present year. It was decided, in consequence of the difficulty experienced in obtaining subscriptions, that the sum of £25 instead of £50 per annum should be collected and paid over to the trustees of the College. The Rev. T. Holme, who acts as hon. sec. and treasurer for the present year, will be glad to receive contributions from ex-students.

The Primate is at Wallerawang pending some repairs at Bishopscourt.

Dr. Linton, the Bishop of Riverina, will proceed after a brief stay in Sydney, to Goulburn, in order to confer with the Bishop of Goulburn respecting the boundaries of their respective dioceses, afterwards visiting Hay and Deniliquin to decide upon the site of his residence. Prior to his being chosen Bishop of Riverina, Dr. Linton had charge of St. Philip's, one of the large parishes on the outskirts of Norwich. Previous to this he was at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Oxford, where his father, Canon Linton, is censor of St. Peter-le-Bailey.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CHURCH SOCIETY.—We understand that arrangements are in progress for holding this meeting in the Protestant Hall on Thursday, the 16th April next.

CHURCH HOME.—This Home at 242, Forbes street, Darlinghurst, was opened by the Primate on the afternoon of the 6th inst., in the presence of a number of ladies and gentlemen immediately interested in the movement. There were present amongst others—The Revs. T. B. Tress (hon. sec.), Canon Rich, J. D. Langley, C. F. Garnsey, T. Holme, E. C. Cranswick, F. R. Trivett, and Dr. Corlette, Messrs. E. Deas-Thomson, E. J. H. Knapp, and T. B. Trebeck. The Rev. T. B. Tress reported what steps had been taken in connection with the establishment of the Home. It had been decided at the outset by a committee, that the institution should be established under the auspices of the Church of England Temperance Society. The Home was formally opened on the 21st January, and several inmates had been accommodated. There was room for 20, and at the present they had 14 in the Home. The Primate in the course of his address, referred to the importance of rescue work, and the necessity for some such institution as the one in question. It is contemplated to establish, if possible, a country home, into which the more promising cases can be drafted, leaving the one in Forbes-street as a temporary refuge.

GIRLS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—The 8th monthly meeting of the Sydney Diocesan Council of the Girls' Friendly Society was held in the Diocesan Registry, Phillip-street, on Wednesday, March 4th. Owing to the unfavourable weather the attendance was smaller than usual. Present: Mrs. Barry, Diocesan President in the chair; of elected members, Mrs. Broad, Miss Hassall, Miss Salisbury, Mrs. Zollner; of branch and parish Secretaries, Mrs. Docker, Mrs. Holme, Miss Cottingham, Miss Garnsey, Miss Garrett, Miss Wilkinson; Diocesan Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. Stiles. Mrs. Barry announced that Mrs. F. L. Barker had become an Hon. Associate for Bowral, while the following had joined the Society as Associates for Canterbury, in which Parish G. F. S. work had been inaugurated during the past month. Honorary Associates, Mrs. A. Blackett, Mrs. G. Close, Mrs. Holme, Mrs. Sayers, Miss E. Williams, Miss L. Williams. Working Associates: Mrs. Innes (Secretary) Mrs. F. Williams, Miss Williams. Mrs. Barry drew attention to the fact that Canterbury had joined the Society not as a separate Branch, but as part of the rural deanery of Petersham, in accordance with the Spirit of Central Rule I. "The organization of the Society to follow as much as possible that of the Church, being diocesan, rural deanery, and parochial. Favourable reports were read from the Heads of the Saving Fund Department, and that for Probationers. The Branch Rules of the newly formed Branches of Woollahra and Bowral were read and passed.

THE CHURCH SOCIETY.—The Committee met on the 2nd inst. The Most Rev. the Lord Bishop in the Chair. It was reported that the increase in the free contributions to the Society for the year ending 31st December last had reached £2000 over the previous year. The following grants were made—(1) £75 for one year towards Catechists' Salary, Shoalhaven. (2) £25 increased grant towards School-Church, Naremburn. (3) £32 towards stipend of Curate, outlying districts, Woollahra. (4) £50 towards stipend of Clergyman, St. Paul's, Canterbury. An application for £100 towards a parsonage at Five Dock was postponed to the next meeting, and the following applications were referred to the finance Committee—(1) for £100 towards a parsonage at Lithgow. (2) for £100 towards a parsonage at Enfield.

The Rev. H. J. Rose, of Christ Church and St. John's, North Shore, has gone to the Sudan, as chaplain for the Presbyterian and Wesleyan bodies as well as the Church of England.

Parochial.

ST. ANDREW'S.—Last Sunday morning the Primate delivered an address welcoming the Rev. Dr. Linton, first Bishop of Riverina, in the Cathedral. The Rev. Canon Moreton read the first lesson, the Very Rev. the Dean, the second. The Primate preached from Timothy ii, Chap. iv, verse v. "Do the work of an evangelist; make full proof of thy ministry. In the afternoon the first lesson was read by Rev. Canon Hul-ton King, and the second by the Dean of Sydney. The Sermon being preached by the new Bishop from ii. Thess. iii. 1. Finally, brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free

course, and be glorified even as it is with you." A large congregation was gathered together at both services. The afternoon offertory is to be devoted to the fund of the new Cathedral Choir.

ST. JOHN'S, DARLINGHURST.—The annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society—Darlinghurst branch—was held in the school-room on Thursday night, 5th inst. A resolution was passed on the motion of Rev. S. S. Tovey, seconded by Dr. Kingdon, expressing thanks and obligation to Miss E. Jones for her valuable services as secretary since the foundation of the branch. On the motion of the Rev. E. C. Cranswick, Mrs. Scroggie was appointed president; Mrs. Pain, treasurer; and Mrs. R. J. King, secretary.

CHRIST CHURCH, ENMORE.—The annual meeting of the Sunday School in connection with this Church was held last month. According to the report, there was an increase of sixty over the preceding year. Much good work has been done. Large additions made to the library, many valuable prizes awarded at the annual examination, and an American organ purchased for the use of the Sunday School. A debt of £9 was due to the treasurer, but the collection then made reduced it to half that sum. A very interesting feature of the meeting consisted of selections of music admirably rendered by the children.

RIVERSTONE.—The Church of St. Paul's was opened on Saturday afternoon last. The cost of the Building, which is built of wood, and shingle-roofed was £417 exclusive of fittings. The Rev. Canon Gunther preached the Sermon, and a very large congregation was present.

ST. SAVIOUR'S, REDFERN.—There is daily Service at this Church.

SEVEN HILLS.—On Saturday the 28th ult., the Rev. J. Spooner, on behalf of the parents and a few friends of the children attending the Sunday School at Norfolk Vale, presented Mr. Robert Howard with a gold pen and pencil case, and Mrs. Howard with a silver tea-pot, as a slight recognition of their labours for the spiritual welfare of the children. For the last two years Mr. and Mrs. Howard have conducted a Sunday School at their own house, which has been a great boon to about 35 children, who live too far away to be able to attend either at Seven Hills or at Rouse Hill, but having disposed of their property they are obliged to sever their connection with the School. The new proprietor has, however kindly promised to carry on the good work.

ALL SOULS' SUNDAY SCHOOL, LEICHHARDT.—On the 26th ult., a Model Lesson was given to a class of boys by the Rev. C. H. Gibson, B.A., on "the temptation of our Lord." There was a fair attendance of teachers. The Rev. T. Holme, incumbent, presided. Messrs. Barry, Bowd and Hitchman took part in the discussion which followed the lesson.

NEWCASTLE.

PRO-CATHEDRAL.—ORDINATION SERVICE.—On Sunday, 1st inst., his Lordship the Bishop of Newcastle held an ordination service in the pro-cathedral, Newcastle, when the Revs. W. K. Colyer and Popham Luscombe, deacons, were admitted to the priesthood. Morning prayer was said in the pro-cathedral at nine o'clock and at eleven o'clock the ordination service was commenced. The Bishop preached an excellent sermon, having special reference to the order of priesthood, the necessity of the order, and of the manner in which it should be esteemed by the people. The candidates for the office of priests were then presented by the Ven. Archdeacon Child to the Bishop. The Rev. Canon Tyrrell, and Rev. Mr. Longbottom took part in the service and joined in the imposition of hands, by which the candidates are admitted to the priesthood. Although the day was very wet, there was a very fair congregation, and the offertory, which was for a special purpose, viz:—the Bishop of Newcastle's Fund, amounted to £15 15s.

ST. JAMES'S, WICKHAM.—An important suburb is rapidly springing up at Islington, and the Incumbent of Wickham has been enabled to purchase a building which for some time previously had been occupied by the Salvation Army. We extract the following account from the *Newcastle Morning Herald*, and hope that Mr. Dixon's efforts may be successful:—"St. Mark's Mission Church was opened for Divine service on Tuesday, 17th instant, when a sermon was preached by the Lord Bishop of Newcastle. The building was filled by the residents of this increasing suburb, who are thankful that they have at last established among them a place in which they can hold Divine worship. The Bishop on the occasion was accompanied by the Revs. F. D. Bode, C. F. Withey, and J. Dixon, who each took part in the service, which was a very hearty one. At the close it was stated at what time services would in future be held, and that it was the intention of the Church to hold a Sunday School in the building. An appeal for £3 to provide for material to open the school was at once responded to by the newly-elected Mayor of Wickham, Mr. Hubbard, who was a member of the congregation. Several very handsome gifts have been made.

Mr. Ball has given a prayer desk; Mr. Western, lectern and credence table, and other furniture for the chancel; Mr. Priug, Communion table; Mr. Dixon, Prayer-book; Messrs. Morison and Beatty, bell; Miss Trindall, hymn-book; Mr. Scholey, £20 towards the purchase money; Mr. Bond, Mr. Ball, and Mr. Sneddon, fencing. It would be almost impossible to say what Mr. Alderman Wooderson has done for the movement. He has given time, labour, and money, helping in every way; and on Saturday last Messrs. Hubbard and Chinchin most generously sent as a free gift to the church a handsome and sweet-toned American organ. The work of St. Mark's Mission Church has begun with very fair prospects, and we hope that the residents of Islington will appreciate the efforts which have been made to supply a long-felt want. Since writing the above, I understand that there are not sufficient seats in the building, and an appeal has been made to friends to provide four dozen chairs. Mr. Scholey has promised, in addition to his large contribution, a dozen, and the remainder, it is hoped, will be forthcoming before next Sunday."

JERRY'S PLAINS.—A bazaar has recently been held and the proceeds amounting to about £100 is intended to reduce the debt on the Church. It is expected that the Church will be consecrated shortly after Easter.

GUNDY.—A house has been purchased for a Parsonage, and in a short time it will be occupied by the Clergyman of the Parish.

GOULBURN.

ALBURY.—ST. MATTHEW'S.—We have received news of the Rev. Canon Acocks of a recent date, notifying a great improvement in his health generally. It may not have been widely known among his friends and parishioners outside Albury that very shortly before his departure for Tasmania he was seized with a paralytic stroke, affecting his speech and the right side. His many friends will be glad to know that he has quite lost all traces of the paralysis, and is very much stronger in every respect. The vicar is enjoying the delightful climate of Tasmania at Deloraine, where he is the guest of the Rev. John Evans, formerly of St. Matthew's, and hopes to return to Albury about the third week in March.

GRAFTON AND ARMIDALE.

KEMPSEY.—The Rev. C. F. Turner, a deacon, has arrived here to take charge of the Macleay parish.

MELBOURNE.

A welcome service to Dr. Linton, Bishop of Riverina, was held on Tuesday night, 8th inst., in Christ Church, South Yarra, when the Bishop of Melbourne and a large number of clergy were present. After the sermon, Dr. Linton said that he felt encouraged by the reception which had been given him, and he trusted that the new Bishopric would be the means of adding many adherents to the Church of England.

QUEENSLAND.

IPSWICH.—On the 15th inst., Special Services were held in St. Paul's. In the morning an Ordination Service was conducted by Dr. Hale, Bishop of Brisbane, assisted by Ven. Archdeacon Glennie—when the Rev. B. W. Clinch was admitted to priest's orders. A Confirmation Service was held in the afternoon. There were 34 Confirmés. The rector of St. Paul's, Rev. H. Hoath, leaves about the 21st April next, per R. M. S. Merkara, on a visit to England.

NORTH IPSWICH.—The Rev. J. C. Atkinson, late of Stanthorpe has been appointed the incumbency of Sandgate.

NORTH QUEENSLAND.

TOWNSVILLE.—It has been decided to erect a Cathedral, and preliminary plans and sketches of cathedral buildings are being prepared, ranging in cost from £15,000 to £25,000.

TASMANIA.

HOBART.—The clergy of the Archdeaconry of Hobart held their meeting for February, at Holy Trinity Parsonage, on Tuesday, 24th ult., St. Matthias' the Apostle's Day. Being within the summer Ember season, there was a celebration of the Holy Communion in the Cathedral at 11.30 a.m., the Archdeacon being celebrant, assisted by Canon Bailey. At 4 p.m., after saying the office of devotion together, and the minutes of the last meeting had been read and signed by the chairman, the clergy ended the second epistle to Timothy as a Scriptural reading. In the evening the subject of "Pastoral Visitation" was brought forward and discussed. Present—The Archdeacon, Canon Bailey, Messrs. Shoobridge, Woolnough, Finnis, Tarleton, Martin, and the Secretary. It was arranged that next meeting should be held at St. John's Parsonage, Goulburn-street, on Tuesday, 17th inst., at 4 p.m. The epistle of Paul to Titus will be commenced as a Biblical reading, and in the evening the following matter will be offered for consideration:

"Are there any traces to be discovered in the war now going on in the Soudan of the fulfilment of prophecy respecting the descendants of Ham?"—*Tasmanian Church News*.

FILL.

The telegrams appearing in the dailies stating that this Bishopric has been abandoned were inaccurate. The matter is merely postponed.

→NOTES ON PASSING EVENTS←

OUR Mother-land is at this present moment in a sea of trouble. Enemies within and without are harassing her. It becomes every Christian subject of our Most Gracious Queen to be much in prayer that at this juncture she may be well-advised, and that all the complications which at present appear may be overruled by God to His own glory and the good of the nation.

THE colonies have been growing rapidly for many years past. One thing after another has tended to bring the antipodes into notice. From comparative obscurity Australia has grown into notoriety. Perhaps no step which has been taken has so much tended in this direction as the offer of our colony to aid the Empire in her difficult Soudan campaign. The actual gain to England by our help may be small, but the effect of the action which has been taken both in the way of uniting the Empire upon which the sun never sets, and also as a demonstration of the possible resources at the command of England, will be greater than can at present be stated or even estimated.

THE prompt response of the call of battle on the part of the soldiers of New South Wales, has taken the world by surprise. That a company of over 700 men could be enlisted, and all the preparations for departure on a military expedition which probably will extend over a long period, made in the short space of sixteen days, would have been incredible if we had not witnessed it. Of course this would be considered nothing by some of the warlike nations in the hand of some great military authority; but in a little colony with a few people, without any experience in the art of war—dwelling at ease and never thinking of a battle-field—it speaks well for the ability of Australia to protect itself in the future in the great conflict of nations.

WE are pleased that everything has been done to supply the troops who have just left us with those things which can minister to their comfort. It has been a reproach to England in the past that the noble fellows who had taken the field in her interests were so badly provided for. Nothing will ever wipe away the reproach of the Crimea. We believe that the soldiers from Australia will have no cause of complaint in this particular. Nor should they have. Trials they must have in the very nature of the case. They should, however, be spared difficulties which are preventable by a little foresight. We shall be disappointed greatly if they are not.

THE persistency of the Primate and others saved the Government the reproach of sending men away to war without making provision for their spiritual wants. Up to the last few days the proposal to send chaplains to the forces was resisted. However, a day or two before the embarkation better counsels prevailed, and a Protestant and Roman Catholic clergyman have accompanied the contingent. We pray that they may be faithful to their solemn trust, and that the men who are doomed to die in war may, by their teaching and example, be led to peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

THE Australian Contingent has gone without nurses we should have been glad if the offer of Christian ladies to go with the troops in this capacity had been accepted. The Government evidently think that this want will be supplied through the English war-office. But it would have been better if the company had been made complete by the presence of women from Australia to minister as only women can to the sick and wounded.

THERE was one fact touched upon by the Primate in his magnificent sermon to the troops, and the more we contemplate it, the more inexplicable it grows. The fact of War being a reality after so many centuries of expansive progress. In spite of all its concomitant horrors, and entailed misery and physical suffering, in spite of philosophy, and of religion, the nineteenth century has seen some of the direct conflicts between—not only savage tribes nurtured in cruelty and greedy of blood but—nations foremost in civilization, in art and science, heirs of all the lore of buried ages, that have ever been inscribed in military history. War is sometimes a necessity, a stern duty, but how many have served to fatten the fields, and yielded up their lives in support of kingly ambition, of foolish infatuation—of more foolish bigotry—of most foolish glory! Human nature, that mysterious compound of the grandly great and contemptibly little, of strength and weakness,—for we can only faintly image it by startling antitheses—is much the same as it was in the days of Homer, and nothing but the regenerating influences of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, universally diffused, and universally felt, will eliminate "the ape and tiger" from it and lift the whole moral man into a purer atmosphere of brotherly love and spiritual blessedness.

THE debut of our troops will be made in a land second to none in historic interest. The whole region more especially northward teems with subjects for wonder. The mighty Nile, besides whose banks the Israelites toilingly shaped the mud into bricks, much as the fellahen do to-day, and where the infant guide to the land of promise safely lay in his ark of bull-rush. Home of the Pharaohs those builders of temples, and pyramid and obelisk, which have so long outlived them. If our soldiers see none of these yet will they see how after the lapse of four thousand years the life of the Nubians is lit up by many a stray passage in the old Book, and how beautiful and suggestive and true to nature—the nature of to-day even—the records are.

SORROW runs side by side with joy in the race of life, often forging ahead, never very distant, and rare is the day that sees not some cloud arise. There were many heavy hearts interspersed among the thousands which throbbed with a fierce excitement on last Tuesday week, and the huzzas of scores died away in suggestive quavers as the leviathan troopships slowly edged from the wharf. Stripped of all its fictitious glamour, war is essentially a sorrowful thing. Wellington's plaintive avowal that "victory is only less sad than defeat," showed how lightly the hero of many a hard contested field valued martial glory for its own sake. The terrible catastrophe on the Nemesis, owing it may be to some extent, to the excitement of those in command of one, or other, or perhaps both steamers, was a sad termination to the strange scene of the day. "In the midst of life we are in death" is a passage which grows more and more applicable, as the tremendous forces of nature are made to minister more and more to our pleasures and necessities.

THE British and Foreign Bible Society in accordance with a time-honoured practice gave a copy of the New Testament to every soldier prior to his departure. The Secretaries of the New South Wales Auxiliary attended at the Victoria Barracks on Monday the 2nd of March and presented the copy in the name of the Society. The men were much pleased, and seemed to appreciate their regard for their moral and spiritual welfare.

THE Parishioners of St John's, Darlinghurst, were not unmindful of the wants of our men. They presented, through the Commandant, a Hymn Book and Prayer Book to each man. It was their intention to give a Testament also, but when it was shown that the Bible Society wished to do this, they surrendered the privilege, and contented themselves with offering the books above mentioned.

TURNING from scenes of blood which rise up as we write of soldiers and battle-fields, we offer a welcome to the Bishop of Riverina. He comes as a soldier of the Cross to fight a stern but bloodless battle. There is not

the enthusiasm and excitement over the conflicts of faith, which we lately witnessed in connection with carnal struggles; but the Bishop may rest assured that he has the genuine sympathy of thousands in New South Wales and other colonies, as he enters upon his new and arduous work. He will find many ready to co-operate with him as he engages in the work of winning rebels to the authority of the Lord Jesus.

OUR new Governor is at last announced. For some reason or other the Queen has had some difficulty in filling the office. Lord Carrington is to occupy the viceregal palace. He is a much younger man than any of his predecessors. He is said to be a man of great wealth. He is a churchman, and is the patron of seven livings. We hope that he will take an interest in the Church in New South Wales.

THE Presbyterians have been engaged in the work of their General Assembly. A great deal of business seems to have been got through. We congratulate our brethren upon the signs of prosperity which are manifest in their Church. Their evangelistic efforts seem to have been so encouraging that they are determined to continue and extend them. They contemplate setting apart men for the purpose. This is a step in the right direction, and should be done by every church. The work of the evangelist is distinct from that of the pastor, and can only be properly executed when men having gifts suitable for the office are employed.

THE time for the Sydney mission has been fixed. The first, which will embrace parishes within the city and some of the closer suburban churches, will be held from the 14th to the 21st of June; the second, which will take in all the other suburban parishes, will take place some time in September. Those who are to come in with the first series of missions should commence active preparation without delay, as the time is short. So much depends upon the preparatory work, that we look with great interest upon this part of the proceedings. We earnestly counsel the clergy and workers to leave no stone unturned, that the greatest possible good may be got out of the approaching season.

THE Church Home is now in good working order. It was opened for all practical purposes on the 21st of January, and ever since that has been used for the purpose for which it was designed. On Friday, the 6th inst., it was formally opened by the Primate in the presence of a company which taxed the accommodation of the building. A progress report was presented by the committee, which showed that already the institution had proved useful in the way of affording a safe refuge for those who had fallen into ways of vice. But this must only be regarded as a beginning. The small house which is used for the purpose at present can never be supposed to provide adequately for those who unfortunately have fallen from the paths of virtue. We hope that a Country Home will ere long be established, which can be opened for persons of both sexes who give fair promise of reformation. The present House could then be used as a refuge. Will the friends of fallen humanity help us to carry out these designs? The whole project would probably not entail an expenditure of more than £1000 per annum—probably not nearly so much, if work can be undertaken vigorously at the institutions.

IF one fiftieth of the inventions we hear and read of are anything but figments in the brains of the inventors the world will soon be one big exhibition of mechanical ingenuity. After the marvellous strides made in scientific discovery during the last ten or twenty years, and more notably during the last half dozen, we are prepared to believe almost anything, and should betray very little surprise, if after all the "philosopher's stone" should prove more than a dream of chemical sages. From Germany—land of philosophy and tobacco-smoke—comes the tidings of an "astounding invention," said to be under discussion by a collection of learned men in Berlin. "Some ingenious person"—so says the paper from which we quote—"has invented a design for representing upon a large mirror all

the traffic of the line (railway) as it moves from station to station, and even from one mouth of a tunnel to the other." By the aid of electricity every train reproduces itself in the shape of a little moving arrow, on miniature lines which represent the permanent way and the occupant of the signal box can see by a glance at the mirror the position of every train upon the section which is under his care. If the thing is practicable, railway accidents, so far as collisions are concerned will belong to the past, and a new revolution be effected in the somewhat complicated system of railway signalling.

WE rejoice at the success which has attended the effort to establish the "Newsboys' Brigade." It has now been in existence for sufficient time to show its real tendency and worth. The boys are encouraged to take an interest in the management of the institution, and this has had a most beneficial effect upon the lads themselves. One of the most useful appendages of the Brigade is "The Home," which has been opened for the purpose of affording board and lodging to boys who are homeless. The public have been appealed to to assist in furnishing the Home, and we are glad to know that the appeal has been generously responded to.

HE war in China, the interest of which for our readers, if it ever had any has been eclipsed by our own difficulties in the Soudan, still drags on its weary length. Trade of course is paralyzed in the neighbourhood of the operations, and we cannot help thinking that the affair—frivolous from the beginning—is become absolutely ridiculous in its hum-drum medley. Recent French tactics have not added much to the dignity of the nation. An enormous expenditure, and the loss of valuable lives is a heavy account to set over against the benefits which have so far accrued to France from the ill-advised and mismanaged expeditions to Tunis and Madagascar, and the aimless policy which up to the present has directed the Tonquin embroglio will add little to her prestige at home or abroad. Since the humiliating experiences of 1870, France has grown intensely peevish and has lost no opportunity of venting her spleen.

THE sad accident on the harbour, whereby two women lost their lives, has aroused very wide spread sympathy on behalf of their families and friends. When it was known that in addition to the crippled infant belonging to the deceased Mrs. Sessel, there were two other children, both young, left, the Colonial Secretary received many offers from kind hearted ladies and gentlemen, to take charge of them in the absence of their father. It will be no small comfort to the suddenly bereaved poor fellow to know, that his sorrows, are shared by thousands. It has well been said that joy is enhanced by being shared with others, and sorrow mitigated, by the same process.

WELCOME TO THE BISHOP OF RIVERINA.

A largely attended meeting of clergymen and laymen of the Church of England was held on Monday afternoon in the Church Society's Rooms, Phillip-street, to welcome the newly-arrived Bishop of Riverina, Dr. Sydney Linton. The Primate (Bishop Barry) occupied the chair. Among the gentlemen present were the Bishop of Goulburn, the Dean of Sydney, Archdeacon King, Canon Hutton King, Canon Gunther, Canon Moreton, Canon Hey Sharp, Revs. Dr. Corlette, R. W. Young, C. F. Garnsey, J. B. Blomfield, B. Taylor, T. B. Tress, W. Lumsdaine, C. Baber, S. H. Child, Sir W. Manning, Hon. A. Gordon, M.L.C., Hon. C. Campbell, M.L.C., Hon. J. P. Abbott, M.L.A., Messrs. C. Rolleston, C.M.G., James Watson, M. Metcalfe, F. W. Uther, E. G. Ward, and Dr. Kyngdon. The meeting was opened by prayer.

Bishop Barry delivered an introductory address. He said that their object in meeting that day was first of all to recognise in the inauguration of the new Bishopric a clear sign of the progress of the Church in this colony, and a truer conception of the function and duties of an episcopate. Many present could remember the increase in the size of the Church from an archdeaconry dependent on Calcutta down to the present time, when it numbered 13 bishoprics and many hundreds of well-organised parishes, and there was still amongst them a loyal and munificent son of the Church who had given an incentive to the foundation of more than one bishopric before the new see of

Riverina, on which their thoughts were fixed that day, had been founded. The occasion showed a truer conception of the functions of the episcopate. There was a time when it was looked upon only as an ornamental crowning to the ecclesiastical edifice, but they now recognised it as the centre of church life and missionary energy. Beyond that, the object of their meeting was to give a hearty welcome to the new Bishop upon his entrance into a fresh sphere of arduous work.

Mr. Atkins, official-secretary of the Diocese then, by direction of the Bishop, read the following address from the Church members of the diocese of Sydney to Dr. Linton:—"To the Right Rev. Sydney Linton, D.D., by Divine permission Lord Bishop of Riverina, New South Wales. Right Rev. Father in God,—We, your fellow churchmen of the diocese of Sydney, desire to offer to you our respectful and cordial welcome on the occasion of your assumption of a post of high and arduous duty in the Church in New South Wales. We know that you cannot but feel deeply the disruption of home ties and associations, and we are therefore, the more anxious to assure you of the hearty sympathy and brotherly affection with which your entrance on a new sphere of labour for the Lord is hailed by us all. The creation of the new diocese over which you are to preside is at once an indication of the progress of our Church, for which we thank God, and is we trust the opening of an era of great progress which we shall follow with deep interest and earnest prayer. We are well aware that the work which lies before you is one of no slight difficulty, requiring some unusual measure of labour and self-sacrifice. But we know that you are entering upon it under that sense of a call from God, which carries with it confidence not in human strength but in the faithfulness of Him who calls, and we trust that He will grant you to see the gathering of the spiritual harvest which is itself an abundant and all sufficient reward. With prayer that He will be pleased to bless you and yours in the new life now opening upon you, we are your faithful brethren in Christ. ALFRED SYDNEY, Primate." (Here followed a large number of signatures.)

Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Goulburn, read an address of welcome, in which, after referring at length to the four years of preliminary work in arranging the foundation of the new diocese, in which he himself, at the request, in the first instance, of that munificent benefactor of the Church, the Hon. John Campbell, had taken a most active part, and which was long delayed by the lamented decease of the Archbishop of Canterbury and of the Metropolitan of Australia, he said:—"It is gratifying to us to know that on the 23rd of February, 1884, her Majesty the Queen was pleased to license under the Royal sign manual and signet—to authorise and empower the Most Reverend Edward White, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, to consecrate her trusty and well-beloved Sydney Linton a bishop, to exercise his functions in one of her Majesty's possessions abroad, and that accordingly you were duly consecrated on the 1st of May a bishop of the Church of England under the authority of the supreme Governor of the Church, and by the ministrations of her most reverend ecclesiastical head, and of the assisting bishops. Soon it will be the privilege of myself and of the representatives of the Bishop of Bathurst openly and officially in St. Paul's Church, Hay, on the 18th instant, to hand over to your spiritual oversight the western portions of our dioceses to form the new diocese of Riverina. The endowment fund of the bishopric amounts to £15,000, consisting of Mr. Campbell's noble benefaction of £10,000, £2000 from the Colonial Bishopric Fund, £2000 from the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge—both obtained in response to my earnest solicitations—and of £1000, being an accumulated interest up to the 1st of May, 1884. The fund is securely invested by three trustees—Messrs. F. Campbell of Yarralumba, A. S. Chisholm of Cardross, and G. Shair of Groonga. You will find an abundant scope for work, and, as I doubt not, ample encouragement from those who are able to assist you in giving completeness to the organisation of the diocese. In the southern portion, which has hitherto formed part of the diocese of Goulburn, you will find thirteen churches, seven parsonage-houses, and three school-houses—a small number truly, but one which exceeds the total number of those found in the whole of Goulburn when I landed in Sydney in 1864. And now, my dear Bishop and brother, I commend you to God and the guiding and blessing of His Holy Spirit, with a fervent prayer that our Divine Master will be glorified and His Church strengthened and largely extended through your zealous and faithful labours. M. GOULBURN."

Archdeacon Curwen Campbell, in the absence of the Bishop of Bathurst, who is in England, also read an address to Dr. Linton on behalf of the diocese of Bathurst, in which a most cordial welcome was given to the new bishop.

Dr. Linton, in reply, stated that he was afraid that anything which he could possibly say would not be commensurate with his feelings. He could hardly call himself a stranger, as he had tried to learn the history and geography of Australia, and had in some measure succeeded, while the names of localities, streets, &c., sounded very familiar to English ears. His diocese was a very large one, extending almost to Albany on the south-east, to Condonbolin on the north-east, across to South Australia, and southward to the Murray. Its towns were few and far

between, and the largest place contained only 3000 people. Nevertheless, when in Melbourne, several gentlemen residing in his bishopric welcomed him cordially, and stated that the inhabitants of no less than three different localities desired him to reside among them. In conclusion, he said he would always look to the church-people of Sydney for moral and spiritual support, and he assured them he would never forget the kindly reception they had accorded him.

Bishop Barry introduced to his *confrère* many of the gentlemen present at the meeting, which he then closed with prayer.

BISHOP BARKER MEMORIAL FUND.

A meeting of the Bishop Barker Memorial Committee was held at the Diocesan Registry on Monday last. Present—The Most Reverend the Primate, in the chair; the Very Rev. the Dean, Canon Hulton King, Canon Gunther, Canon Moreton, Rev. J. D. Langley, Rev. A. W. Pain, Rev. J. Barnier, Rev. F. B. Boyce, Hon. Alexander Gordon, M.L.C., Messrs. R. Hill, R. Chadwick, Dr. Kyngdon, J. Vickery, W. E. Toose, and R. Atkins, Hon. Secretary. Prayers having been said, the Hon. Secretary reported the state of the account. The subscriptions together with Bank interest received to date amounted to £1513 18s. 1d.; the payments had been £54 6s. 10d., leaving a balance in the Bank of £1459 8s. 8d. Promised subscriptions to the amount of about £700 had yet to be collected. The following subscriptions were handed in—Rev. Canon King, £10, with interest added 10s.; Rev. J. D. Langley, £5; Mr. S. Watson, second subscription, £10. A letter from Mr. Michael Metcalfe, resigning his position as Hon. Treasurer, was read. The Hon. Secretary was requested to convey to Mr. Metcalfe the regret of the Committee that he felt compelled to resign his office, and thanks for his past services. Mr. R. Chadwick was appointed Hon. Treasurer in the room of Mr. Metcalfe, and the Rev. J. D. Langley was appointed one of the Hon. Secretaries, in place of the late Canon Stephen. A sub-committee, consisting of the Dean, Canon King, Hon. A. Gordon, Messrs. R. Chadwick and W. E. Toose, was appointed to confer with the Architect upon the subject of the plans of the proposed Chapter House. It was resolved that when the plans were completed a public meeting should be held for the furtherance of the scheme approved at the public meeting in 1884, at which the committee was appointed. The Hon. Edward Knox having returned to the colony, it was resolved that he be requested to give his services on the Committee. It is, we understand, proposed to push on actively the work which for many unavoidable causes has been too long delayed.

DEPARTURE OF THE BISHOP OF RIVERINA.

A correspondent of the *London Record* says, a threatening sky and a fall of snow did not prevent a goodly company of friends gathering in the Cathedral at Oxford on Wednesday, 14th January last, to meet the Bishop of Riverina and Mrs. Linton at the Holy Table before they left England for their distant diocese. Old parishioners came from the Bishop's former parish of Holy Trinity, a sprinkling of senior members of the University who had just come into residence in anticipation of the Lent term, Clergy from the City Churches, and many who had long known and valued him and his father. In the quiet of the early morning he received from attached friends the best of "farewells," and went out encompassed with the heartfelt prayers of sympathetic hearts. Such prayers are needed, for the work to be done is full of difficulty. The Diocese of Riverina is situated in the south-west of New South Wales, and is taken out of those of Goulburn and Bathurst. In extent it is as large as England and Wales, with about thirty towns and villages far apart, and a rapidly increasing population. At present it possesses but six clergy. The bishopric has been recently founded through the energy of Bishop Mesac Thomas, of Goulburn, and the liberality of the Hon. John Campbell, M.L.C., of Sydney, whose gift of £10,000 has formed the nucleus for an endowment. The spiritual destitution is very great. Long neglect and a strong infusion of the conviet element have resulted in much irreligion and indifference, and men and means are sadly needed. Since his consecration on May-Day, the bishop has been diligently collecting funds for his work, and has raised upwards of £5,000. He has arranged to leave England on Thursday, January 15, by the P. and O. steamer *Paramatta*, and hopes to reach Sydney by March 7. He has appointed as his Commissaries Canon Garnier, Rector of Cranworth, Thetford; Canon Allan Smith, Vicar of Swansea; and the Rev. F. J. Chavasse, of St. Peter-le-Bailey, Oxford.

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NOBLY DOOMED.

Though those that are betrayed
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in woe—*Cymbeline.*

(Continued.)

"Could I not at least have asked her forgiveness?" thought Victor, sadly, to himself, after Lobeck had left him; "or have let her know, at any rate, that I am ashamed of myself? She would have written, perhaps, or Lobeck might have written—but they would not let me read it. One might as well be dead as lie here like this; better indeed. This horrible darkness and inaction, and this constant pain, is intolerable. I cannot bear it much longer."

And still he had no choice but to bear it day after day.

"Parisius," said the doctor to whom he had been handed over when he was first moved, coming in one morning and sitting down beside him, "don't you think you are a little stronger?"

Parisius lifted his hand to the bandage round his eyes and said,

"I shall not get stronger till I can see. I am wearying to death in this darkness."

The doctor bit his lip and did not answer.

"How long are you going to keep me like this?" Parisius asked.

The doctor laid a big kind hand on his shoulder and tried to say something, but his voice failed him.

As by a flash of lightning on the darkness Parisius divined the awful truth—the truth which he had not once suspected, and fell back with a cry of agony.

"Ach, nein, nein, nein! Ach Gott! das kann ich nicht!" he uttered wildly. "Blind—oh! I can't bear it. Oh, Heaven have mercy!" The poor fellow, weak with long illness and completely broken by the shock, covered his face with his cloak and sobbed aloud.

The doctor went quietly away to look up another patient, and did not come back for half an hour.

He found Parisius lying like a stone where he had left him, with his cloak still across his face, perfectly quiet. He knew he could not be asleep, and went and took him by the hand.

"I have half an hour to spare," he said, cheerfully. "Can I do anything for you, my lad—write a letter or anything?"

Parisius flung away the cloak, and sat up with his face hidden in his hands.

"You're very kind," he said, gratefully. "No, there's nothing, I think, thank you."

"Well!" said the doctor, looking at him anxiously; "the next thing is to send you home. Stralsund, isn't it? Fine bracing air. You must try and keep up your courage."

"Yes, yes," murmured Parisius, nervously. "Don't speak of that; I shall bear it in time. It is not more than I deserve," he added, under his breath.

"That's brave. They haven't given you the iron cross for nothing," said the other, heartily. "Well," he went on, rising, much relieved to find Parisius so quiet, "if you don't want me I shall go. Next week I think you may be at home if you keep up your spirits. Try and do that, you know. Leben Sie wohl!"

Ten days later Parisius, with a batch of convalescents, was sent away to Germany, and the first voice that greeted him on arriving at the railway station at Stralsund was Lobeck's. "Wie geht's, Victor mein Lieber, wie geht's?" he asked, affectionately drawing the other's hand through his arm and guiding him through the crowd that had gathered to welcome back the sick and wounded to their homes. "Here's the droschky; mind the step. So! We're off! Isn't it a beautiful sunny day for November?"

"Is it sunny?" asked Parisius, rather sadly, and then added, taking heart again, "It is something not to have rain after all these weeks."

"Hullo! There's Von Boltensstern!" cried Lobeck, stopping the droschky, and gesticulating.

"Da! Von Boltensstern!" he cried; "come with us. Here's Parisius with his iron cross," he went on as their comrade joined them, and Parisius held out an uncertain hand. "You don't know what it is to me to see him alive."

"I feel ashamed of my smart uniform beside yours, Parisius," said Von Boltensstern. "How I have envied you all this time!" "I'm sure you needn't," said poor Parisius, sitting with his head a little bowed and wearing a shade over his eyes.

"I declare I would exchange with you," cried Von Boltensstern, "if I might have your clear conscience, you know," he added; and Lobeck turned scarlet and looked up suddenly at the clock on the church tower above them. "I couldn't leave my mother as long as they would let me stay, of course, but you were as free as a bird."

Parisius was silent, and wondered sadly whether these random shots would never cease to wound.

That evening he and Lobeck were sitting together, smoking over each other and trying to talk; but each was thinking of Magda van der Heyden, and the talk was forced.

"Karl," said Parisius, abruptly, in the middle of a remark

the other was making, "have you seen her? Do you often see her?"

"Pretty often," replied Lobeck.

"Does she know I am here, do you think?"

"Probably not," said Lobeck, pulling his blonde moustaches, and finding it hard to read the other's face without the eyes.

"Karl, I would give anything to see her—to speak to her, I mean," Parisius went on, nervously. "Do you think she would come—if you were there too, you know?"

"I'm pretty sure she would," said Lobeck. "Shall I ask her?"

"Ah, if you would!" sighed Parisius. "If I could only hear her say she had forgiven me I could go away in some sort of resignation. Of course, it's no good my staying here—a blind, useless man!"

"I'll go now," said Lobeck, jumping up and taking his cap from the table. "It's not very late—only a little after six, although it's so dark."

"Don't say anything about me, only that I should like to speak to her," said Parisius as Lobeck was leaving. "She doesn't know about—she doesn't know I'm blind, Karl?"

"I have never mentioned you to her," replied Lobeck. "I don't think she knows anything," and he went off.

In twenty minutes he came back.

"Victor, here is Fräulein van der Heyden," he said as he opened the door, and Victor, turning hot and cold, rose and made a few steps forward. A cold hand was laid in his, and he knew it was Magda. At the same moment Lobeck shut the door.

"Don't go, Karl," said Karl, said Victor, not knowing whether he was there or not, but he was gone.

"He said he was coming back directly," said Magda, timidly.

"I cannot stay many minutes. What did you want to say, Victor?"

"Can you forgive me, Magda?" uttered Victor, in a hoarse, low voice. "Can you forgive me?"

She did not answer at once, and Parisius longed to see her face and read her heart there. Perhaps she could not bring herself to forgive him; ah! that was natural enough.

"Was it all true that they told me?" asked the girl, quite unable to see his face in the gathering darkness as he stood between her and the narrow window.

"The worst you ever can have heard of me is true," he answered, recklessly. "I don't know how I dare expect your forgiveness; I deserve that you should refuse it. At least, you know I am ashamed—miserably ashamed."

"Victor! Victor! don't speak so bitterly!" she said, in her sweet, gentle voice. "What am I that I should not forgive you freely, as I hope one day myself for forgiveness? Never think of it again; it was a mistake, and you could not see your way. I have never blamed you."

He could not see the deadly paleness of her face, nor guess that her eyes were full of tears; he only heard the steady voice and sweet words of pardon. He fancied she had learned to forget that he had been dear to her.

He drew the betrothal ring from his finger. "And this that I have forfeited, Magda," he said, sadly, "will you take it?" He held it out vaguely—because of the darkness she thought—and she took it and gave him hers, and so they parted. Lobeck, coming back, met her at the door and took her home.

They spoke not a word; Lobeck did not dare intrude upon her silence, and she was saying to her heart over and over again, "He said the worst was true—he has never loved me."

And Parisius, when his friend came back to him, wrung his hand and thanked him. "It's all over now, Karl," he said, with a sigh; "I ought to be glad that she does not care any more. She could not, after what I have done—and yet—yet I almost thought she might. Well, I am glad—yes, it is a good thing."

There followed a long silence. Lobeck stood at the window looking out at the dimly-lighted Markt; a soldier and a servant-girl were flirting at the pump; two others leaned over the black-and-white railing of the barrack-yard and chaffed the passers-by; and now and again the sound of a great guffaw penetrated the dark room and jarred upon the nerves of the two young officers within. Lobeck was fighting with the worst impulse that had visited his heart for many a day.

"I have never told her of all he did for me," he thought, staring at the gas-lamp at the corner, "nor what it has cost him. I thought it cruel then, and useless, to remind her of a man who did not care a fig for her, though one can see plainly enough that she thinks of no one else. I am only a friend—perhaps only that because I am his friend. Still, I might have a chance in time, now that they have broken off everything—who knows?"

The impulse to let things be was strong. Did not Parisius deserve his fate as far as Magda was concerned? Did he not say he was glad? If he said so, of course he was glad.

Presently there was a vigorous stamp upon the floor which made Parisius start and lift his head.

"What are you doing, old boy?"

"Oh, I am sorry I woke you, Victor," said Lobeck, ruefully, "I was trying to kick the devil!"

Parisius laughed. "I hope you succeeded, then," he said.

"I hope so," said Lobeck, cheerfully; "and now, mein Lieber, I'm going to put you to bed. Come along."

"I'm an awful bore to you, Karl," said Victor, when he had found his friend's arm; and they went away together.

"Now don't begin that nonsense again, Victor," said Lobeck, a little vexed and hurt. "Put yourself in my place; I can't give you back your eyes, but you shall share mine."

The next day—a windy sunny day—Lobeck took Parisius by way of a walk down to the harbour. They strolled along the busy quays enjoying the invigorating wind laden with the scent of seaweed, tar, and pinewood, listening to the knocking of mallets in the huge half-built ships, the rattle of cables, and the blithe shouting and singing of the sailors. Ships from many a northern port lay here with pennons of all colours fluttering on the breeze; crowds of little fishing vessels, with tawny weather-stained canvas flapping at the masts, were moored along the quays, rocking gently to the swell that lapped and swished under their sides and splashed against the weed-grown wall. Across the water, about a mile away, the rosy coast of Rügen rose out of the sea, covered with orchards, meadows, and stubble-fields, and fringed with little groves of fir, and all between the little crests of foam were playing with the wind, leaping and dancing on the dark sparkling blue under the sunny sky.

"Karl," said Parisius, coming to a standstill near the fishing boats, "you go on and have your walk, my dear fellow, and leave me here. I can't go on. I think it takes it out of a fellow, not being able to see. I shall soon get used to it."

Lobeck looked at the downcast sightless face with infinite distress.

"But what will you do with yourself?" he asked. "Let me stay too; we can sit on these logs—"

"No, no," interrupted Parisius. "I shall be all right. I like listening to all that's going on. I know so well how it all looks. Go on, and you can fetch me when you come back."

"Na ja, wie Du willst," said Lobeck, with a sigh, and he found him a sheltered sunny place out of the wind on a heap of fir trunks, and walked away.

Once out of earshot he turned and looked long at the slight solitary figure sitting on the logs, his head bent down in his hands in an attitude of deep dejection.

"He's fretting himself to death," muttered Lobeck. "He ought never to have been so worn-out with that short bit of a walk. Das geht nicht, Victor, mein Lieber; wollen mal sehen," and he turned all at once and went off at the quick step up through the ferry gate into the town.

Parisius sat where he was left, listening to the plash of the sea and the noise of the boats bumping lightly together, and the creaking and stirring of the chains that moored them to the wall; and as he listened other days came back; it was the tinkling drip of water from the oars that he heard, the wooden movement in the rowlocks. He saw the broad lake twinkling and rippling in the sunset, and the old town with its windows gleaming like fire above the grassy wall. He saw a fair sweet face with serious truthful eyes, and sunny hair blowing about the temples. His hands tightened convulsively. Why did that sweet face haunt him so? Could he not forget?

"Oh! Magda, Magda! it has come at last! The last drop in the bitter cup I have mingled for myself! I love her now that she is lost to me!"

He roused himself; he tried to think of other things; he hummed the song the sailors were singing in one of the vessels near; he listened to the sea against the wall; and presently it was the dip and splash of the oars that he heard, the fair sweet face that he saw. It came again, always, night and day.

He thought of their parting, and a blush of burning shame deepened the colour in his cheek. A light hand was on his shoulder. Was it still the old vexatious memory? A sweet voice murmured his name—a voice made strange with tears. Ah yes! had he not seen the tears creeping down the pale face, and hardened his heart against her? Ah! that dreadful pain in his eyes again!

"Victor, Victor," murmurs Magda's voice beside him, and the gentle touch is still on his shoulder.

Victor raised his head, bewildered, and held his breath to listen. What new trick of fancy was this? His heart beat violently? It was like waking from a strange dream in the dead of night, uncertain in the darkness that one is not dreaming still. Night and day alike were dark to him.

At last he dared to speak. "Magda, Du Engelmeiner Seele," he uttered, scarcely above a whisper. "Magda?"

Ah, yes! She was there, crying bitterly, holding his hands, calling him by name. "Victor you love me still?" she whispered. "Is it true? Ah, I never knew you were blind. What has she suffered! I didn't know it, and I thought you didn't care. I left you without a word, but my heart was breaking, Victor."

His senses had come back at last. He knew that she was really there, and he pulled himself together. "Don't pity me; I deserve it all," he said, tremulously. "Have you forgotten my cruelty, my faithlessness? You let pity deceive you; you cannot love me now—"

"Victor," she broke in, struggling with her tears. "I loved you first before all this unhappiness came upon us, and nothing, nothing can undo it. Ah! he does not believe me!"

"I left you, Magda, because you were poor," he said, bitterly, "and shall you seek me out now that I am helpless and blind? No, no. God bless you for your sweet compassion, but you shall not sacrifice yourself. Do not tempt me; I am very selfish still, Lobeck loves you, Magda; he is a much better fellow—"

"Victor!" she broke out, passionately; "have you never believed that I loved you? Can I change? Can one give one's love and then take it away and give it to someone else? And has reason anything to do with it?"

He shook his head. "But you shall not sacrifice yourself," he repeated. "You pity me, and pity makes you forget. My punishment is hard to take, but it is nothing to what I deserve. If you were to strike me dead, Magda, instead of forgiving me, it would be within the mark."

"But I bid you live, and prove, Victor, that you love me and are sorry for what you made me suffer. How can I believe you if you still will have none of me? The least you can do now, Victor, is to be kind to me. That is the punishment I think you deserve. Is it too hard?"

Parisius lifted his face towards her with an expression of hopeless doubt that went to her heart.

"If I could but see her face I should know," he muttered. "If only for a moment it were light!"

There was a low cry of irrepressible sorrow and compassion; her arms were around his neck, his head was drawn down and rested on her bosom, her warm tears fell on his face, "What have I done that you should doubt me so, Victor?" she murmured. "Will you break my heart?"

Her question found no answer, and yet I think she was content.

C. H. D. STOCKER.

* CORRESPONDENCE *

To the Editor of the C. E. Record.

Sir,—On a recent Sunday I visited a church not five miles from the Redfern Railway station, and was not a little scandalised at seeing among other things the following:—A lamp suspended from the roof of the chancel, after the manner of the Romish communion, and this lamp I am told is kept "perpetually burning before the altar." Two massive brass candlesticks containing candles, and shields, also after the pattern of the Romish church, and a large brazen cross standing on or over the "altar," while the drapings of the "altar" &c., and the colours worn by the "priest," were in keeping with the rest. Then during certain portions of the service, the choir faced the "altar," and the "priest" as well as several of his flock devoutly crossed themselves at various times, exactly after the fashion of the papists.

Now Sir, as a staunch member of the Anglican Episcopal Church, I should like to know what all this means,—the perpetual lamp—the candlesticks—and the coloured drapery and vestments—the crossing and other popish mummeries—are they really prescribed by our rubrics, and if so, why do not the authorities in this Diocese explain to us their meaning, and require their adoption in all churches, or if not, why do they suffer such tomfoolery in this particular Church?

Sir, I respect a genuine Roman Catholic, who believes in the rites, ceremonies, and furniture of his Church, but I have no feeling higher than profound pity and indignation for those who, while standing under the banner of the Reformed Anglican Church, bring that glorious Church into contempt by their silly mimicry of Popery, and are only themselves objects of scorn and derision by the members of that communion whose rites and ceremonies they ape. If such persons are Roman Catholics in heart, why in the name of all honesty, do they not go to that Church, instead of acting thus traitorously towards their own.

I am, &c.,
CHURCHMAN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received a further communication from Mr. Campbell, but its insertion would prolong the controversy indefinitely and we must adhere to the resolution expressed in our last issue.

"The Crown and Mitre" crowded out.

Lord Carrington has been appointed to succeed Lord Augustus Loftus, as Governor of New South Wales. It is unlikely, however, that he will leave England before the end of the year.

The Durham Diocesan Church Building Society's fund now amounts to £84,000. It is intended to build 25 new churches, and of that number four have already been erected.

TEMPERANCE.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

A conference under the auspices of the C.E.T.S. was held on March 9th in the Church Society's Rooms, Phillip-street. The chair was taken by the Very Rev. the Dean of Sydney. The proceedings having been opened by prayer and the singing of a hymn, the chairman made a few introductory remarks. He said that although his time had been hitherto occupied with other branches of church work, his sympathies were none the less with the work of the C.E.T.S. The rev. gentleman having referred to the ill effects of intemperance, concluded by introducing to those present Mr. E. R. Deas-Thomson, who read a most interesting paper on "The object and work of the Church of England Temperance Society." He said that it had often been asserted that the Church of England was in days gone by entirely heedless of the sin of drunkenness, but it was refreshing to be able to cite facts half a century old, which went to prove that the cause of temperance was then alive. So far back, as 1833 he found an account in the *Church of England Temperance Chronicle*. The objects of the movement were there set forth to be to promote the comforts of the poor, to secure sobriety amongst all classes, and to check the progress of vice. He pointed out that the movement had not been conceived in any spirit of hostility or antagonism to other temperance societies, but because intemperance was increasing, and because it was antagonistic to the spread of the Church's work. Intemperance was the besetting sin of the nation, and the parent of crime, insanity, and pauperism. They must work together and keep a strict watch over themselves. The society of which they were members was distinctive in name, not exclusive in policy. It had a broad, tolerant basis, affording a common ground for the co-operation of abstainers and non-abstainers. The C.E.T.S. was the first national organisation that placed temperance hand to hand with their religion. Their society was not a moderation or total abstinence society, but one in which conscience and liberty were the sole guides. As members of the general section, publicans could help the society, even if they were not members, if they would only carry out two sections of the present Licensing Act—give up Sunday trading, and refuse to serve those already in liquor. Total abstinence was necessary for the young especially, and the lecturer impressed strongly upon his audience the necessity for bringing up boys and girls to take an interest in the cause of temperance. A reference was then made to the difficulty of getting a clerical secretary, the whole of the work having hitherto been left in the hands of the lay secretary. The lecturer concluded by saying that they must stand in the cause of temperance, as they hoped those brave boys who had gone to the Soudan would do if called upon.

General discussion then ensued. The Rev. A. W. Pain paid a tribute to the large amount of pioneer work done by the Good Templars and Sons of Temperance in the cause, and pointed out that the bulk of these should join the Church of England Society, as membership was extended to the members of every Church and the followers of every creed. Work in the cause of temperance was the aim and object of the society, and that being so, all who sympathised with the movement should be glad to join. The Rev. Mr. Harvey, who has recently arrived in the colony with the new Bishop of Riverina (Dr. Linton), related his experiences in Norwich (England), where nothing had been of so much assistance to the society as the holding of concerts and social gatherings, at which the temperance question came before the meeting. The speaker agreed with Mr. Pain that a good organising secretary was required if the movement were to gather strength, and if the public were to be properly educated on the subject of temperance. He himself should certainly form a branch of the society wherever he might be sent. Mr. Stephen and other speakers followed, and the meeting concluded with prayer.

ST. ANDREW'S.—A sacred concert, in aid of the funds of this branch of the society, was given in the Protestant Hall, under the direction of Mr. Montague Younger, assisted by Miss Sheridan Reid, Miss Louisa Shipway, the Rev. A. B. Rivers, M.A., (President of St. Andrew's Cathedral), the Rev. E. G. Cranswick, Mr. A. Fisher, and other ladies and gentlemen. The concert was well attended, and the programme, which was well arranged and cleverly performed, was carried out in its entirety. During the interval a collection, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the purchase of a piano and to the furtherance of temperance work, was made, and it amounted to over £11.

THE CHURCH HOME AND THE C.E.T.S.

In another column our readers will read of the opening of this institution. We congratulated the C.E.T.S. on this fruit of their labours. The late Conference too shows the vitality of the Society. Indeed it only wants the appointment of some gentleman with combined will, energy, and leisure as organizing Secretary to make the Society take the place it holds in England, the foremost one in the Temperance cause. If the funds of the Society were in such a condition as to enable the central

committee to place a gentleman like Mr. E. Deas-Thomson in this position where he could devote his whole time to the work there would soon be splendid results. But alas! what small sums will a luxurious people give to the work of philanthropy and Christian charity.

The success of the Local Option Vote in so many places during the late municipal elections was largely owing to the labours of the L. O. League. But such campaigns cost money and we are told that the treasury of the League is nearly empty. All who wish to check the public house nuisance would do well to send the treasurer a contribution in acknowledgment of the good work done.

TEMPERANCE ON BOARD THE S. S. IBERIA.

First amongst the "useful hints" in Mr. Holroyd's interesting pamphlet on "Snakim and the country of the Soudan" is this: "Abstain as much as possible from beer, wine and spirits." Herein is good advice, but on the other hand certain persons sent large quantities of these vile mixtures to the camp for the use of the N. S. Wales contingent of the Soudan troops. So our brave fellows will have the opportunity of withstanding temptation. This will be good moral discipline for them. They will read the wise advice of the pamphlet and possibly the strong words of General Wolsely, and other eminent authorities against the use of liquors as well, and then when the enticing cup is offered they will turn away. Fatigue, thirst, weariness and habit will all be powerless compared with the influence of this "useful hint." The struggle and the victory will do the men good no doubt. Perhaps this was the aim of the grog dealers who made the presents. We know their benevolence for in the list of money contributors some of their names appear for large amounts. Surely this good intention, and these cash contributions will cover the damage done to a few lives in the Soudan. Then, as in England and now as well as in the days of Chesterfield, "The artists in human slaughter" as that polished nobleman called them, must carry on their deadly work. They are well protected too. It was told on good authority that the *S.M. Herald* refused to publish a letter protesting against the action of those benevolent givers of grog. The liquor interest is too powerful for the Press to brave its anger. But the hearts of the donors must be sorely grieved to find that on the *S. S. Iberia* there were 220 men weak enough to prefer their own comfort and health, and to throw the fire water overboard. A lodge of Good Templars was formed before the departure of the men so that there will be a rallying point for the tea and coffee drinkers. We hope the dear fellows will be able to keep up their spirits and be jolly under the circumstances, and that the drink benefactors will not feel too deeply for them in their self inflicted misery of total abstinence. Sorrow for those benighted men will work wonders in alleviating the vexation they might feel at the want of appreciation of their generosity so that the thing will work well every way. The drinking portion of the army will suffer the pains incidental to the consumption of rum. The temperance men will be exercised in moral discipline, and the grog donors will have their hearts softened by their tender pity for the poor foolish men who prefer wholesome drink to fiery poison.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

BECKET.

(By Alfred Lord Tennyson, Poet Laureate. London: Macmillan and Co.)

We avail ourselves of the very earliest opportunity of giving our readers a glimpse of Lord Tennyson's new poem, which is as yet scarcely accessible to the public. It is dedicated in a brief and graceful letter to Lord Selborne. The facts of Becket's life are of course well-known. Henry II. made him Archbishop of Canterbury in the hope that his hitherto faithful Chancellor and boon companion would assist in curbing the pride, and curtailing the power, of the clergy. Becket, on becoming Primate, resigned the Chancellorship, refused to agree to the "Customs" (which gave back to the Crown some of the rights usurped by the Church), and so incensed his master that he deemed it judicious to flee to France. After some years Henry and the Archbishop were publicly reconciled, and Becket returned to Canterbury, while Henry remained in Normandy. There, hearing of some high-handed act of Becket's, he passionately exclaimed in an unguarded moment, "Will no one rid me of this turbulent priest?" Upon which Sir Reginald Fitzurse, Sir Richard de Brito, Sir William de Tracy, and Sir Hugh de Moreville, hastened over to England, and murdered him on the altar steps of his cathedral. Lord Tennyson adheres pretty closely to history, and avails himself of a poet's license to interweave with Becket's career, the romantic episode of Fair Rosamund. The Archbishop, in accordance with a promise made to the king in the days of their friendship, protects Rosamund from Queen Eleanor's murderous hands. But his action is so misinterpreted

by the vindictive Queen to Henry that he is betrayed into uttering the fatal words which led to the final catastrophe. The poem closes with Becket's murder.

The following appear to us to be among the finest passages. The poem opens with Henry and Becket at chess, before the quarrel. The future is foreshadowed in the conversation.

HENRY. So then our good Archbishop Theobald Lies dying?

BECKET. I am grieved to know as much.

HENRY. But we must have a mightier man than he For his successor.

BECKET. Have you thought of one?

HENRY. A cleric lately poisoned his own mother, And being brought before the Courts of the Church, They but degraded him. I hope they whipt him. I would have hanged him.

BECKET. It is your move.

HENRY. Well, there. (Moves.) The Church in the pell-mell of Stephen's time Hath climbed the throne, and almost clutched the crown; But by the royal customs of our realm The Church should hold her baronies of me, Like other Lords amenable to law. I'll have them written down and made the law.

BECKET. My liege, I move my bishop.

HENRY. No man without my leave shall excommunicate My tenants or my household. And if I live,

BECKET. Look to your king.

HENRY. No man without my leave shall cross the seas, To set the Pope against me—I pray your pardon.

BECKET. Well, will you move?

HENRY. There (Moves).

BECKET. Check; you move so wildly.

HENRY. There then (Moves).

BECKET. Why; there then, for you see my bishop Hath brought your king to a standstill.

You are beaten.

HENRY. (Kicks over the board.) Why; there then, down go bishop and king together, I loathe being beaten.

Henry offers Becket the Primacy, but he shrinks from it.

"Mc Archbishop! God's favour and king's favour might so clash That thou and I—that were a jest indeed!

The King persisting, and Becket having yielded, he thus explains his position in answer to his friend, who urges him to "be a mightier Anselm":—

I do believe thee, then. I am the man. And yet I seem appall'd—on such a sudden At such an eagle-height I stand and see The rift that runs between me and the King. I served our Theobald well when I was with him; I served King Henry well as Chancellor; I am his no more, and I must serve the Church. This Canterbury is only less than Rome, And all my doubts I fling from me like dust, Winnow and scatter all scruples to the wind, And all the puissance of the warrior, And all the wisdom of the Chancellor, And all the heap'd experiences of life, I cast upon the side of Canterbury— Our holy mother Canterbury, who sits With tatter'd robes. Laics and barons, thro' The random gifts of careless kings, have grasp'd Her livings, her advowsons, granges, farms, And goodly acres—we will make her whole; Not one rood lost. And for these Royal customs, These ancient Royal customs—they are Royal, Not of the Church—and let them be anathema, And all that speak for them anathema.

Then a softer mood comes over him, though he decides that duty compels him to return the Great Seal.

My friend, the King! . . . O thou Great Seal of England, Given me by dear friend the King of England— We long have wrought together, thou and I, Now must I send thee as a common friend To tell the King, my friend, I am against him. We are friends no more: he will say that, not I. The worldly bond between us is dissolved, Not yet the love: Can I be under him As Chancellor? As Archbishop over him? Go therefore like a friend slighted by one That hath climbed up to nobler company. Not slighted—all but moaned for: thou must go. I have not dishonoured thee—I trust I have not; Not mangled justice. May the hand that next Inherits thee, be but as true to thee As mine hath been! O my dear friend, the King! O brother! I may come to martyrdom. I am martyr in myself already. . . .

In the scene of the signing of the "Customs," Becket, after reluctantly yielding to pressure and signing, refuses to add his seal, and goes out in a rage. Henry, who then enters, is told what has happened—

He would not seal. And when he sign'd, his face was stormy—red— Shame, wrath, I know not what. He sat down there And dropt it in his hands, and then a paleness, Like the wan twilight after sunset, crept Up even to the tonsure, and he groaned. "False to myself! It is the will of God!"

Henry addresses his Council, recapitulating the benefits he had heaped on his subjects by his just and wise administration, and showing the dangerous consequences of the rule of the Church.

Barons and bishops of our realm of England, After the nineteen winters of King Stephen— A reign which was no reign, when none could sit By his own hearth in peace; when murder common As nature's death, like Egypt's plague, had fill'd All things with blood; when every doorway blush'd, Dash'd red with that unhallow'd passover; When every baron ground his blade in blood; The household dough was kneaded up with blood; The millwheel turn'd in blood! the wholesome plow Lay rusting in the furrow's yellow weeds, Till famine dwarf'd the race—I came, your King! Nor dwell alone, like a soft lord of the East, In mine own hall, and sucking thro' fools ears The flatteries of corruption—went abroad Thro' all my counties, spied my people's ways; Yea, heard the churl against the baron—yea, And did him justice; sat in mine own courts Judging my judges, that had found a King Who rang'd confusions, made the twilight day, And struck a shape from out the vague, and law From madness. And the event—our fallows till'd, Much corn, reaped towns, a realm again, So far my course, albeit not glassy-smooth, Had prospered in the main, but suddenly Jarr'd on this rock. A cleric violated The daughter of his host, and murder'd him. Bishops—York, London, Chichester, Westminster— Ye hailed this tattered devil into your courts; But since your canon will not let you take Life for a life, ye but degraded him. Where I had hang'd him. What doth hard murder care For degradation? and that made me muse, Being bounden by my coronation oath To do men justice.

Another burst of eloquence is put into Henry's mouth at the meeting of Henry and Becket in the presence of Louis VII. of France, when, but for Becket's overbearing pride, they might have come to terms:—

You, Master Becket, you That owe to me your power over me— Nay, nay Brother of France, you have taken, cherish'd him Who thief-like fled from his own church by night, No man pursuing. I would have had him back. Take heed he do not turn and rend you too: For whatsoever may displease him—that Is clean against God's honour—a shift, a trick Whereby to challenge, face me out of all My regal rights. Yet, yet—that none may dream I go against God's honour—ay, or himself In any reason, choose

A hundred of the wisest heads from England, A hundred, too, from Normandy and Anjou: Let these decide on what was customary In olden days, and all the Church of France Decide on their decision, I am content.

More, what the mightiest and the holiest Of all his predecessors may have done, Ev'n to the least and meanest of my own, Let him do the same to me—I am content.

Becket's haughty spirit revolts against Rome herself, when Rome for prudential reasons coquet with the King. He exclaims:—

Map scoffs at Rome. I all but hold with Map. Save for myself no Rome were left in England, All had been his. Why should this Rome, this Rome Still choose Barabbas rather than the Christ, Absolve the left-hand thief, and damn the right? Take fees of tyranny, wink at sacrilege, Which even Peter had not dared? condemn The blameless exile?—

HERBERT. Thee, thou holy Thomas!

I would that thou hadst been the Holy Father.

BECKET. I would have done my most to keep Rome holy. I would have made Rome know she still is Rome—

Who stands aghast at her eternal self And shakes at mortal kings—her vacillation, Avarice, craft—O God, how many an innocent Has left his bones upon the way to Rome, Unwept, uncared for. Yea—on mine own self The King has had no power except for Rome. 'Tis not the King who is guilty of mine exile, But Rome, Rome, Rome!

When at last a formal reconciliation is effected, the Archbishop returns to Canterbury with a presentiment of his coming "martyrdom."

No! To die for it— I live to die for it, I die to live for it. The State will die, the Church can never die. The King's not like to die for that which dies; But I must die for that which never dies. It will be so—my visions in the Lord: It must be so, my friend! The wolves of England Must murder her own shepherd, that the sheep May feed in peace. False figure, Map would say. Earth's fables are heaven's truths. And when my voice Is martyr'd mute, and this man disappears, That perfect trust may come again between us, And there, there, there, not here, I shall rejoice To find my stray sheep back within the fold. The crowd are scattering, let us move away! And thence to England.

Later on, John of Salisbury tells Becket some home truths:—

And may there not be something Of this world's heaven in thee too, when crying On Holy Church to thunder out her rights And thine own wrong so pitilessly. Ah Thomas, The lightning that we think are only Heaven's Flash sometimes out of earth against the Heavens. The soldier when he lets his whole self go Lost in the common good, the common wrong Strikes truest ev'n for his own self. I crave Thy pardon—I have still thy leave to speak. Thou hast waged God's war against the King; and yet We are self-uncertain creatures, and we may, Yea even when we know not, mix our spites And private hates with our defence of Heaven.

The Archbishop's defiance when the four knights arrive and threaten him with death is grand, and with it we must conclude our notice.

Ye think to scare me from my loyalty To God and to the Holy Father. No! Tho' all the swords in England flash'd above me Ready to fall at Henry's word or yours— Tho' all the loud-lung'd trumpets upon earth Blared from the heights of all the thrones of her kings, Blowing the world against me, I would stand Clothed with the full authority of Rome, Mail'd in the perfect panoply of faith, First of the foremost of their files, who die For God, to people Heaven in the great day When God makes up his jewels.

DEATH OF THE REV. W. F. B. UZZELL.

We regret to see from a provincial telegram, that the Rev. W. F. B. Uzzell the late respected incumbent of St. Peter's Church, Cook's River, died on Monday evening. The reverend gentleman had been in ill health for some considerable time, and we noted in an issue toward the close of last year, that he had applied for, and obtained a further leave of absence from his parish, on that account. The deceased died at Blayney.

DEPARTURE OF AUSTRALIAN TROOPS.

SERVICE OF INTERCESSION.

A special service of intercession for the troops proceeding to Egypt was held in St. Andrew's Cathedral on Sunday afternoon, and attracted a congregation so numerous as to completely fill the spacious edifice.

The sermon was preached by the Right Rev. the Bishop, who based his discourse on 1st Kings, viii., 44, 45—"If thy people go out to battle against their enemy, whithersoever Thou shalt send them, and pray unto the Lord, then hear Thou in Heaven their prayer and supplication, and maintain their cause."

The Primate said: I have chosen for my text to-day words in which the prayer of Solomon—after surveying in succession many other vicissitudes of the national fortunes of God's people—lays before the footstool of His mercy the terrible event of war, recognises it as subject to the sway of His Providence, and asks His blessing upon those who pass through it to the peace which lies beyond. I have done so, because this is preeminently a service of intercession, in which common prayer speaks more deeply and emphatically than the most eloquent passion of

exhortation. We stand (who can doubt it?) at a critical time—a time, which like all other crises, is a time both of serious danger and glorious opportunity in the fortunes of our country. What then is the right office of the preacher to-day? What right have we under that Gospel to bring before God, through Christ, such prayer as that of the text, that, when we plunge into all the horror and cruelty of battle, He will hear our supplication and maintain our cause? My brethren, let us freely confess—may, with all impassioned earnestness, let us declare—that war is in itself an inhuman, an unnatural, an un-Christian thing; let us take shame to ourselves that after eighteen centuries of Christian civilization, all the cool reasonings of expediency, all the clear protests of reason and conscience, all the pathetic pleadings of humanity, all the spiritual teachings of the Gospel, have done so little to extirpate it from a suffering world. Nothing can be more hateful than what men call the "military spirit" in a people, if it means the reckless delight in battle, the spirit of ambition, and the passion for glory and aggrandisement; the winning appeal on all occasions to force, the "woe to the conquered" of the old barbaric chief. But what if, on the other hand, this military spirit yield, as its fruits, the temper of loyal self-sacrifice for our country, the readiness to endure, at the call of duty, hardness and suffering, even to lay down life—as English soldiers do—not as a great heroic act, but as a matter of course, the resolution to maintain under God's blessing, the place of high responsibility and power which he has assigned to England? To love peace for the sake of peace, and for it to make all possible sacrifice, is divine. What, then, are the meanings which we may rightly read to-day in this House of God's, as underlying the excitement of this present time, and making it a memorable epoch in the history of this colony? First, and most obvious, is the expression of loyalty to the old country, which we habitually call home, in what is unquestionably an hour of trial, when over the unexampled vastness of our Empire, which it taxes all her strength to grasp and all her wisdom to guide, there are clouds of danger and embarrassment gathering on every side. And that expression of loyalty now, you may see, even by the reflex influence on European opinion, that it has a value far beyond the material help which it is able to offer; it foreshadows in the future far larger possibilities than we can dream of in the present; it has its peculiar significance at a time when the relations with the mother country have been, as we all know, strained to uneasiness and dissatisfaction; and men had begun to ask with deep anxiety what bond of unity could be found for the ever-growing extension of the British Empire. That loyalty, moreover, my brethren, when it passes from emotion into thought, will surely yield us another result of priceless value. Must it not stimulate in the minds and hearts of all certain largeness of idea and aspiration beyond the narrower limits of colonial interests and colonial life? We are claiming now our place in bearing the burden—a burden which, heavy though it be, is yet a privilege—of the great mission, the vast responsibilities laid upon the English race. It cannot be for nothing that God has given us a world-wide commerce; has suffered us to girdle the earth with settlements, dependencies, colonies, and so to extend beyond all example our English language, and thought, and institutions; has granted to England to be not only a queen of subject races, but a mother of free nations, with whom must rest much of the world's destiny in the future. And yet one other meaning we may surely read in the occasion which brings us here to-day. It is the need and glory of voluntary devotion and self-sacrifice for the country in which God has given us a place. Alone among the nations of Europe, England still relies on voluntary service for the forces which have almost to garrison a world. Here the service which is to be rendered is doubly voluntary, not only in general but for that special work.

It is to my thinking, in this willingness to endure hardship, to defy danger, to break ties which are dear, to face death itself, that the truest glory of the enterprise lies. God grant that this spirit may never be quenched among us, for the day of its extinction will be the eve of national death! And now to you, dear brethren, who are to go forth from among us, here in the sight of God we bid farewell. In your hands will rest more than honour—the opportunity of aiding in the fulfilment of a great mission for humanity and for God. Great is the glory, great the responsibility, of those on whom this is laid. There can hardly be need to speak of bravery in action, of patience and endurance in labour, of calmness in danger, of quiet acceptance of duty. It is no vanity to say that from English soldiers these things are looked for as matters of course. But suffer me to remind you that more than these, far more, will be required, if the service to which you go is to be fully done. There must be those yet higher qualities which made up the ideal of the Christian knight-hood of old. There must be the spirit of temperance and purity, which is the one secret preservation of your own higher nature. "Finally, brethren, pray for us," are the words which rise always to the lips of Christians in the hour of parting: for they believe, with our great living poet, that "more things are wrought by prayer than the world wots of," and that by it, beyond all other means, "the great world," in all its confusion and turmoil and sorrow, is yet "bound by golden chains around the feet of

God." Yes, we shall pray for you; but our prayers will be especially that the implied conditions of the text may be realized—that the cause of England may be kept clear of ambition and selfishness and vain-glory, nerved by the strength of duty, tempered by mercy and consecrated by faith; and that you, catching the inspiration of such a cause, may be worthy of the name of Christian soldiers, of God's people.

The offertory was devoted to the Patriotic Fund.

THE AUSTRALIAN CONTINGENT.

In a few hours the Iberia and Australasian will have rounded stormy Llewellyn, and be thrashing their way obliquely across the Indian Ocean. The unparalleled enthusiasm—that spontaneous outburst which marks the third of March as the beginning of a new era in the history of these colonies—has become an important part of the accumulating annals of the Empire. With the subsidence of the outward excitement, and while, with a lull of expectancy we await the tidings of their arrival at Suakin, it may not be out of place to note the probable effects which our action will have upon the mother-land, and upon the great military powers of the continent. It has long been the custom with a certain class of politicians at St. Stephen's to regard the colonies in the light of useless encumbrances, and—beyond being convenient receptacles for the redundant population of Great Britain—an actual burden upon the tax-paying community. With a narrow-mindedness unworthy of the high traditions of the past, some have counselled the pursuance of a policy at once insular and contemptible, and diametrically opposed to that true Imperial policy which—without being arrogant or visionary—can alone preserve to Britain the glorious position she holds as foremost among the competing nationalities of the world. Their arguments are obviously based upon insufficient premises, and the whole superstructure topples into ruin at the first shock. It is in her scattered islands and continents—the Greater Britains yearly dilating into nobler proportions as regards their population, and wealth, and energy, that the grandeur of the Empire will reach its full development. The latent power spreading itself in youthful pride over the sunny plains of Australia, battling with the wild forces of Nature in Canadian backwoods, making the rugged mountains and misty valleys of our sister colony musical with the songs of industry, and bringing in every zone the sturdy instincts of the race, that legacy of eighteen-hundred years of progress, to the fulfilment of the meanest as well as the mightiest tasks will prove, if unalienated, massive bulwarks, stable and immovable, in the hour of convulsion and earthquake.

The outlook in Europe is terribly ominous. Russia, true to her traditions, is—in violation of all treaties—constantly pushing her Cossacks nearer the Hindoo Koosh; and the remonstrances of the Home Government with regard to her most recent movements have been met with the usual prevarication. Every year finds her outposts securely garrisoned nearer the Indian frontier. The inevitable conflict between the Colossi of the East and the West looms more distinctly on the horizon. The affair of the Sudan, which threatens to be far more serious than the worst prognostications of the pessimists, is seemingly regarded as

offering a favorable opportunity for the continental powers to show their hands; and Germany and France—sworn foes so long as the tricolour does not stream over the lost provinces of Alsace and Lorraine—appear to have sunk their mutual animosities for the congenial purpose of thwarting British plans and injuring British interests. The relations of the Empire with most of the leading powers are—to use the mildest possible term—not cordial. There is a ground current of opposition which rarely reveals itself at the surface; but at intervals some apparently trifling obstruction sends it leaping up above the oily calm of diplomacy, and we may judge to some extent from the unexpected foam and ferment, the direction and force of the current itself. It is no secret that Prince Bismarck, whose chief occupation seems to be to transform Europe into a huge chess-board, and work the pieces to their mutual hurt and the aggrandisement of the German Empire, has been endeavoring to bring about a discomfiture in London. The man of "blood and iron," albeit leader of one of the most phlegmatic and philosophical races of the world, bids fair to be a very Saturn in the firmament of contemporary politics.

The influence of the last few days will have its greatest effect—not here, but in the calculating salons of Europe. By our one act, we have voluntarily stepped out of comparative oblivion into the full blaze of notoriety; and from being a far-off and unconsidered people naturally located altogether outside the arena, have become an important factor not to be despised in the councils of statesmen. The seven-hundred men—a mere handful, but volunteers all—who left Circular Quay amid enthusiasm such as never before was manifested in these colonies, will leave a profound impression where most it is needed. A brief telegram—one of the most pregnant flashed along the wires of late—tells us how the unexpected revelation of Australian loyalty has affected Berlin—the headquarters of intriguing coalitions. It represents—for the action of one colony has received the endorsement of all—sources of strength and vitality hitherto overlooked, but which in a case of stern and urgent necessity could and would pour forth from every point of the compass, conveying regiments inferior neither in stamina nor in courage to the best troops of the Teuton or the Russ. This is not the place to sift the motives of the Government—indeed, the issues raised are too momentous to be weighed by the balance of party. They are altogether out of the region of mere politics. Europe is heaving from centre to circumference with suppressed uneasiness. Any moment may fire the ready train, and bring about volcanic explosions, that would shatter the whole fabric. "Coming events cast their shadows before," and forewarned to a wise man is synonymous with forearmed. The lack of this prophetic quality, swept the unprepared legions of France from the banks of the Rhine, and shut up the pride of the army in Strasburg and Metz and Paris. Moltke had drilled his Uhlans and Landwehr into perfection, and all was in readiness even to the priming of the Krupps, long before the Gallic storm began to mutter in its growing fury. The threatening aspect of affairs on the Afghan frontier, show that the colonies have not begun one moment too soon in showing their loyalty in an unequivocal manner. It is quite possible had a similar step been taken earlier, the New Guinea complications would have been averted.

T. J. H.

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GENERAL FUND.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Mary Teale	1	1	0
OFFERTORIES, 1884.			
Ulladulla, at Milton after Confirmation	5	3	6
Ulladulla at Milton Advent	2	14	9
Kangaroo Valley, at Wallamulla	0	17	6
AUXILIARIES, FOR 1884.			
Gordon from Pennant Hills and Ermington	15	14	6
St. Thomas, Balmaln	2	2	0

Randwick, Mr. Alfred Cook's Subscription	21	1	0
St. John's, Ashfield	4	13	0
Ryde	36	1	2
St. Andrew's, Sydney	130	18	3
St. Luke's, Burwood	51	15	1
St. John's, Parramatta, at Granville	6	1	4
St. John's, Parramatta, at Auburn	0	16	6
St. John's, Parramatta, at Rookwood	2	5	6
St. John's, Parramatta, at Guildford	0	14	6
St. John's, Parramatta at Smithfield	0	4	6
Wollongong	11	13	6
St. Mary's, Balmaln	33	7	0
St. Thomas, North Shore	3	16	6
Bowral	21	2	1
Bowral, at Annual Meeting	0	17	9
Kangaroo Valley at Wallamulla	3	17	6
St. James', Sydney	2	2	0
Enmore Box Account	1	2	4
All Saints', Woollahra	2	2	0
St. David's, Surry Hills	1	0	0
St. Paul's, Redfern	44	4	3
Marilyn	6	3	0
Holy Trinity, Sydney	2	0	0
Christ Church, St. Leonards	1	6	0
Campbelltown	1	0	0
Liverpool, Box Account	0	6	4
St. Philip's, Sydney	70	12	9
Shoalhaven	11	8	4

Camden	27	8	6
S. S. Simon and Jude, Surry Hills	1	0	0
Windsor	19	5	6
St. John's, Darlinghurst, 9th list,			
per H. E. A. Allan			
Miss E. M. Taplin	20	12	0
Mr. G. C. Westgarth	2	2	0
Hon. Wm. Busby	3	0	0
Mr. John B. Donkin	2	2	0
Mr. M. C. Cowlishaw	5	5	0
Mrs. Hall	2	2	0
Mr. W. Sanford	1	1	0
Mrs. Chauvel	2	0	0
Mrs. W. G. W. Freeman	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Douglas	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Percy Douglas	2	2	0
Mr. J. Francis King	1	1	0
Lady Martin	5	0	0
Mr. O. West	1	1	0
Mrs. Denne	1	0	0
Major Airey	1	1	0
	33	13	0
St. Peter's, Wollomoolloo	0	10	0
AUXILIARIES FOR 1885.			
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St. Mark's, Darling Point	2	2	0
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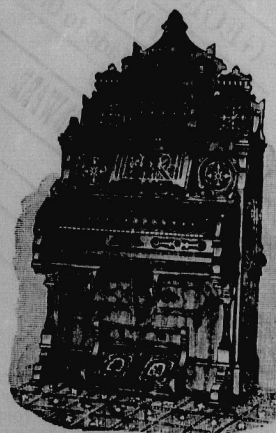


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Dr. THOMPSON'S AMERICAN COLTS'-FOOT COUGH LINCTUS, safe and reliable, 1s. The Dr. says—"Cough while you can, because after taking my Linctus you cannot cough. It will depart." Sold everywhere.

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BAKING POWDER, free from soda or other deleterious articles, in tins, 6d. each.

HAIR DYES.—Clayton and Co.'s free from lead, black or brown, 2s. 6d. and 4s. each; Barry's ditto, 3s. 6d.; Batchelor's, 4s. 6d.; Essence of Tyve, 4s., and all other makers, including Aureoline, or Golden Hair Dye, 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 11s. each.

CLAYTON AND CO'S WELL-KNOWN FLAVOURING ESSENCES 1s. each, all kinds; also, their Curative Lozenges (18 cents) 9d. box; Glycerine and Carbolic Jujubes, 6d. each box, and all their other goods. See list, page 25.

CUSTARD POWDERS (4 in box), 1s. Each powder equal to 5 eggs, and with milk makes one pint of fine Custard.

HAIR RESTORE.—Dr. Richardson's 2s.; Lockyer's, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Allen's, 5s.; Mexican, 3s., and all others. See list.

For INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, and other complaints of the Liver and Stomach.—Mother Seagle's Syrup, 2s. 6d.; Cross's Drops, 2s. 3d.; Acid Phosphates, 2s.; August Flower, 3s.; Dr. Scott's Kibbuh Pills, 1s.; Dr. Warner's Dandelion and Quinine, 1s.; Mineral Waters of all kinds; Holman's Liver Pads, 10s.; Perry's ditto, 5s., and other goods. See list, page 37.

RHEUMATIC AND GOUT REMEDIES of

all kinds. See list, page 49.

RAT, MICE, and OTHER VERMIN DESTROYERS. See list, page 49.

FOOD FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS of all kinds. Feeding Bottles, Teats, and Food Warmers, Medicines for Horses, Dogs, Birds, together with 1,000 other articles of useful and every day utility, for which look through the list, and keep it for reference—its 60 pages will save your money.

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Dispensed

AT REFORMED PRICES. See the List.

For the PICNIC, the KITCHEN, and the

DINNER TABLE.

W. H. Soul's Australian Relish

For Steaks, Chops, Cold Meats, Fish, Game,

Gravies, Soups, &c. 1s. per Bottle. "All use it!"

Three Pounds worth sent free to nearly all parts of the Colony, and to any port in Queensland, New Zealand, Tasmania and Victoria; and Five Pounds worth to Western Australia or Fiji—Carriage Free.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

All communications of a literary nature should be accompanied by the name and address of the contributor—not necessarily for publication but as a guarantee of good faith—and should be addressed to the EDITOR. Those of a business character to be addressed—The MANAGER—CHURCH OF ENGLAND RECORD, 172, PITT-STREET, SYDNEY.

Will our correspondents please note that we cannot guarantee insertion, unless MSS. be to hand not later than the Tuesday previous to publication.

Accounts of Tea Meetings, Picnics, &c., should be as succinct as possible.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Proprietors of the "C. of E. Record" have much pleasure in informing their subscribers that through the great success of their paper during the past year, they have in contemplation to make it a weekly issue from the 1st of July. The Proprietors trust that all subscriptions unpaid will be kindly forwarded. We shall be glad if every subscriber and churchman will forward our object in sending additional names

TO THE MANAGER,

172 Pitt-street, Sydney.

THE EUROPEAN ASPECT.

The outlook in Europe just now is anything but promising for peace; and it is possible that before these lines meet the eyes of our readers, war may have been proclaimed between England and Russia. If this should unfortunately happen, who can predict what further may arise out of it, or who may be drawn into it?

The Soudan campaign seems also likely to be a much more troublesome business than was at first expected, and than it would have been but for the unhappy and ill-judged delay in sending help to General Gordon when he asked for it. The British possessions in South Africa are another point where her arms are called into requisition, to resist aggression and quell disturbances.

We do not doubt that England will prove herself equal to the strain which is thus put upon her. And should Russia pursue the course upon which she seems bent as regards India, though the contest may be severe and harassing, we feel confident that in the end the Northern Bear would be overwhelmed by the British Lion. But war is an evil which the Christian mind cannot contemplate without dread and horror. And who does not long for the time to come when it shall be known no more, and, through the power of the Gospel, all the nations of the earth shall be joined in one grand brotherhood of love and peace? Still it is sometimes necessary to undertake war for the preservation of right and the prevention of wrong; for the warding off of greater evils, and the securing of larger good. And this we fear will be England's duty, should Russia persist in her ambitious and unrighteous designs.

We cannot, however, refrain from taking a somewhat wider view of the present troubles, connected as they seem to be with the unsettledness of the nations of the earth, and other signs of the times in which we live. We do not, we dare not, assume to be prophets of what is coming upon the earth. But may not all these things be amongst those which are designed to prepare the Church for the second advent of her Lord? It is foretold in prophecy that the time will come when He for whose coming we look, will shake all things terrestrial, that those things which are not shaken may remain. And it is at least wise for her followers to be ever on the watch for the first tokens which may give indications of His approach. It is we admit quite possible that this shaking may be still future. Ages may yet elapse before it is completed. But a European war—such as most men dread, lest this should be the beginning,—would almost certainly lead to such complications as would shake all nations, and perhaps lead to the downfall of some.

Men may ridicule the prophetic teachings of the Bible, and laugh them to scorn; but let them search the pages of history and compare them with the predictions concerning ancient nations and countries; and they will find those predictions accomplished to the letter, or now accomplishing before their eyes.

With confidence then we look for the fulfilment of all the rest; standing upon the watch tower and waiting for the end.

BRITAIN AND RUSSIA.

The news from Europe increases in interest every day. Our sending a contingent to the Soudan has not deterred Russia, as her advance has only been made since. Her meanness in picking a quarrel with us now is in keeping with her character. Britain happens to be isolated. There has been friction between her and both France and Germany. She has difficulties in South Africa, a small war on hand in the Soudan, and Egyptian complications generally. Rus-